This is the first official photograph from Lille, France, which city was in the hands of the Germans. It shows the crowd cheering the British. A close view shows the people healthy and happy, and reports indicate a determination to make the new France better than the old.

in 1914. In the once important towns of our North, there may be more resources, but the devastation that stares you in the face seems more pitiful. Arras, in the department of the Pas-de-Calais, is the spectre of what it once was. Of its churches, that of St. John the Baptist is the only one that remains. The magnificent mansions of the rich manufacturers surrounding the *Grande Place* have greatly suffered. Reminiscent of the Spanish invasion, there was nothing in Spain to compare with them; they resembled a fairy-city in the moonshine; like an exquisite shrine of flowers, they were an Eastern city under a Northern sky. Today, oiled canvas takes the place of the glass panes. But these last weeks, owing largely to the gigantic revival of the British glass industry, the windows are beginning to resume their former aspect. As to the square itself, the *Arrageois* are very eager that this relic of the past which saw the tournaments of the dukes of Burgundy and was the first grain market in France, should be quickly restored.

The *Petite Place* was once famous for its 15th century town hall. Alas! Gables, volutes, the celebrated old house with small corbelled towers leaning against it, all have suffered unspeakably. The proud belfry has become a shapeless mass. The destruction is on an imposing scale. While you mourn over the destroyed loveliness of the town hall and belfry, the ruins of the abbey, museum, library and cathedral almost overawe you, and you ask yourself how workmen will ever set right the havoc which giants have wrought.

Our towns in the North have seen so many wars that the agglomeration of people who finally settled in them have special and varied characteristics. Hope and cheerfulness seem the special prerogatives of the *Arrageois*. Instead of mourning, they rejoice that no more damage was done and are glad that, after four years' siege, so much is left. They are so enthusiastic in their joy, that they remind you of an ardent lover returning to his bride who has escaped some great peril. He is regardless of her appearance, happy only that she is still alive—thus, those people of Arras. Though our South, whose climate is softer and whose people are more demonstrative, received our *sinistres* well, the day after the armistice, nine thousand—one-third of the former population—came back; all children of Arras, back to the town which wears the Legion of Honor on its lion's stone breast—sick people and war-widows among them—all determined that Arras should be again as it once was. It is this faith which has already done wonders, and will soon change the aspect of Arras.

In that universal wreck, some found their houses intact, others again have accepted their complete ruin with that fatalism which is the heirloom of an old and sceptic race. As the people flock to their homes, the great cry is for tools and cows; and many are the complaints because the men sent from Paris are not Flemish. The work of these adjudicators is most difficult; for there is always human nature to contend with.

There are naturally regrets for the time before the war, when life ran smoothly; and if impetuous complaints are heard at times that the war indemnities, more than one year after the enemy evacuated the territory, have not yet been paid, they are fewer than the murmurs that the ground has not yet been made fit for work. The dearth of coal and difficulty of transport moreover impede quick progress. Only ten per cent of the wagons which brought back to Arras part of the German loot have been unloaded. In the meantime the valiant *Arrageois* do not rest; they have set to work. A town committee has been formed and the help of wealthy and generous citizens is powerfully assisting progress. All around Arras small temporary wooden houses have cropped up, recalling the beginning of a town in the West. And, feeling once again the Flemish breezes waft around them, the people, firm believers in the almost miraculous power of work, determined to gain their goal, look hopefully into the future.

Progressing at Lille

BUT it is around Lille, the Manchester of our North, that reconstruction has made the greatest progress. The town consists of two distinct parts united by the Rue de Paris which was utterly destroyed in 1914. From the midst of cold and noble palaces wrapped in silence, you step into the industrial, wealthy bee-hive of life. Like their town, the Lillois' occupations are also twofold. Patient and laborious, they excel in all agricultural pursuits, especially in raising the sugar beet to an unprecedented excellency. Since their deliverance, they have already done wonders with the soil, except where it has been poisoned, and the industry which made Lille and the adjoining towns of Tourcoing and Roubaix the great workrooms of France, soon will be as important as ever. The Ministry of Industrial Reconstruction, created after the armistice, goes hand in hand with the Town-Planning Board, and is doing all in its power to "reconstitute" the French industries in the liberated territory. The Law of Damages was promulgated on April 28, 1919, and the cantonal commissions are only now beginning to function. Yet, on July 1, 1919, there were already 417 manufactories in full swing; on August 1, their number was 564; on September 1, 763; on October 1, 893; on November 1, 1,090; on December 1, 1,114, and on January 1, 1920, 1,160.

To understand what this wonderful feat implies, you must realize the utter, reckless, yet most methodical devastation of the machinery by the enemy. Smashed into bits, unusable forever, it has become a heap of waste iron. From one workshop, spools which cannot be replaced were taken to Germany. Fortunately, in most cases the names of the pillagers are known, and the loot is coming back, though slowly; for the dearth of transport in Germany, as everywhere, is increasing the difficulties.

Lille, the martyr-city of our North, has suffered unspeakably. There was delirious joy when the Liverpool-Irish entered; and when our *poilus* arrived, our women welcomed them with rapture. Paris, the heart of France, rejoiced at the tidings and illuminated and beflagged itself for the first time. True to old traditions, life at the beginning came back to the *Lillois* in work and pleasure. Then followed a depression which lasted three or four months, but all has righted itself, thanks to the character of the people. Private effort is active and the undaunted energy of the race great. This incident will tell: The works of one of the richest mill-owners were ashes and ruins. Apparently, this did not affect him; every day, with a dignity which impressed even the enemy, he passed through the streets, speaking words of comfort to those he met, teaching them by his example, inspiring them with courage by his very presence. Coldly, stoically, he went to the spot where once he had employed thousands of *ouvriers*. Having arrived there, he drew out paper and pencil and set himself to make new plans. And, nine months after the evacuation, his factory, though with less men than before, was working again. The manufactories in Lille employed in 1914, 130,441 workmen; last October there were 52,948 *ouvriers*, who did not comprise the 17,024 men employed in clearing up the grounds.

But the war brought not only material changes to Lille, as well as to the whole of Northern France; it changed the moral outlook: The mysticism of the Flemish, their *rêverie*, fostered by the grey sky, has grown more intense; religion has taken a stronger hold of them than ever. Their practical turn of mind has also benefited by adversity. Education has improved. The families who took refuge in Paris saw higher grade schools opening themselves to their daughters. Returning home, this taste had to be developed, and the *Institut Catholique* for the first time is admitting women to its lectures. The desire for higher mental culture pervades all classes in France at the present time. Thus a youth in our North enters a bookseller's shop and, instead of the trashy novel of former days, asks for a chemical or electrical treatise, for which he does not hesitate to pay twenty francs.

Roubaix and Tourcoing, the two great industrial centers, are essentially part of old France. There the people refused to work for the enemy, and the women were as determined as the men. So everything was broken up, and when the armistice came, it found nothing but bare walls. Yet, in April, 1919, the first yard of texture left Roubaix. Of the machinery belonging to the town and left behind by the Germans in their hasty flight, some was found at Maubeuge, though the spools had been taken to Leipsic. The great industry of Roubaix and Tourcoing is wool-combing, and what will help these towns most, what already is helping them to regain their former importance, is that, while the processes that wool undergoes are scattered in Germany, the whole is done in Roubaix itself. Cloth is turned out as in the Middle Ages, when the Flemish *drapiers* were famous all through Europe. Calm, yet fiery, the Roubaisien of today is the son of his sire, and like him, he has the inventive genius which the Teuton lacks.

A lack of hands is felt in our North, as throughout the whole of Europe; sixty thousand landed properties are completely destroyed and ninety thousand await repair. Twenty-eight and a half million francs has been paid out already, and money is plentiful. But its purchasing power is small. Manual labor is to the fore; workmen have never earned so much, nor felt more strongly their importance.

In Bailleul, lack of transport, lack of coal and an army of rats are the great enemies of the moment. Yet, if help at times seems to come but slowly, the courage and good temper of the inhabitants are strong. With the elasticity of their race, those dear Flemish soon rebound. They are tenacious also. Among many incidents, I was told of a grocer who had spent four years in the south of France where he had thrived, and now had come home after the armistice. He could not become reconciled to the universal ruin. Nothing of what he had known and loved was left. So he resolved to go back to the sunny South where, in his new home, life was so much brighter. There was only one train to take him back, late in the evening. So he wandered all day alone amid the ruins, the wreckage of the past. The stones in the field, the beloved soil of Flanders, the grey sky must have held some magic for him, for when night came, he was glad to avail himself of a temporary shelter. He remained, began life again in Bailleul, and is doing well.

Many Difficulties for the Farmer

THE war has deeply wounded the national agriculture, and the peasant class, especially in the invaded territory, is passing through hard times. Yet, so deeply ingrained is the love for the sacred soil of France that the Northern farmer, as a rule, struggles valiantly against discouragement. Agricultural workers form half the population of France. Like all those who toil on the land, the peasant is essentially a pacifist, for only in times of peace can he duly plow, sow and reap his harvest. Do not misunderstand me, when I use the word "pacifist." As one man, husbands, fathers and sons answered the call to arms, earning the admiration and respect of the world. As soon as the armistice came, the farmer took up the old task. He finds it much more difficult today; one reason being the high wages he has to pay, four or five times as much as before the war, while receiving in return only an eight-hour day. But for that passionate love of the soil, he might be tempted to devote himself to some industrial pursuit, but he struggles on, for he knows that the land contains the greatest riches of France and that its interests must be served so long as one of its sons is alive. He must care for it as a child cares for his mother. And this strong affection upholds the courage of the people, especially in the North where so much courage is needed.

Nothing made by the hand of man is really capable of entire destruction. Aided by courage and endurance, it will spring up again—even our dead! They have not died entirely, since they gave their lives for an ideal which it is our task to realize. On the plains of Northern France, in the East, in foreign lands, there are thousands of graves which contain a message for us regarding things visible, as well as those which touch man's soul. Those who sleep their last sleep; believers or sceptics, clinging to the past or looking forward to the future; workers with the brain or workers with the hand, all are united in the common sacrifice. They have the right to speak to us, and it is our duty to listen.

They tell us to believe in the future, since they died for this future. They will not see the destroyed cities rise again—few of us will—but as they were our brothers in the ardent fight, in their death they bid us to remain united. As we clung to one another in the darkest hours of the war, so we must now unite in the work of peace. The help we can give each other as individuals, as nations, will be one of the few blessings the war has brought in its trail. We who were Allies must remain so, but we must make a real peace out of the cessation of strife. The world must work together in healing emulation and fraternal solidarity, believing in mankind. Then no achievements, no wonders will be impossible; and it is our common effort, our fraternal love and sympathy that will have accomplished them.